

A PERILOUS WOOING.

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Husbay. In fact, all the handsomest young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night, and it was always worst on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Husbay, never went to bed on such nights without keeping on at least his leather breeches and laying a stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Neset was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who went off to marry the daughter of Aslang's father. Of course old Canute was not pleased to hear this. He said it was not true; that, at any rate, he had not seen him there. Still they smiled and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the layoff, whether Aslang had many an errand, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the rocks rose clear and cool through the sun's misty rays, the cowbells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jodel" songs and blew the cowhorn, all the young men felt their hearts grow sore and heavy as they gazed upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening, one after another, they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who kept guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action, "Come up here again, and there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could arrive at but one conclusion—that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Neset. And all the rich farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that this cottager's son should stand highest in Aslang Husbay's favor.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all and said that if there were no one else who could help him he would do it himself. Now, Canute was certainly getting on in years. Still, although he was past 60, he often enjoyed a good wrestling match with his eldest son whenever time indoors fell heavily on his hands.

There was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Husbay, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you want with me?" asked Thor and hit him such a blow in the face that sparks danced before his eyes. "You will soon learn that," said some one else behind him and gave him a great blow in the back of the neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the third man," said old Canute and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow and hit out right manfully. He dived, and he ducked. Whenever a blow fell, it missed him, and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterward that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up until both began to flow. Then Canute cried out, "Stop!" Then he added in a croaking tone, "If you can get up here next Saturday in spite of Canute Husbay and his men, the girl shall be yours."

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight upon Husbay hill, but every one said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not say so, and that was Aslang. She had been expecting Thor that Saturday evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father she sat down and cried bitterly and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor, I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor staid in his bed all Sunday, and when Monday came he felt he must stay on where he was. Tuesday came, and it was a very lovely day. It had rained in the night. The hills looked so fresh and green, the window was open, sweet odors were wafted in, the cowbells were tinkling on the mountain, and far up above some one was "jodeling." Truly, if it had not been for his mother, who was sitting in the room, he could have cried. Wednesday came, and still he staid in bed. On Thursday, though, he began to think about the possibility of being well again by Saturday, and Friday found him on his legs again. Then he thought of what Aslang's father had said, "If you can get up to her next Saturday without being stopped by Canute and his men, the girl shall be yours." Over and over again he looked up at Husbay farm. "I shall never see another Christmas," thought Thor.

As before mentioned, there was but one path up to Husbay hill, but surely any strong, able fellow must be able to get to it, even though the direct way were barred to him. For instance, if he were to row round the point yonder and fasten his boat at the one side, it might be possible to climb up there, although it was so very steep that the goats had great difficulty in climbing it, and they are not usually afraid of mountain work.

Saturday came, and Thor went out early in the morning. The day was most beautiful; the sun shone so brightly that the very bushes seemed alive. Up on the mountain many voices were "jodeling," and there was much blowing of horns. When evening came, he was sitting at his cottage door watching the steaming mist rise up on the hills. He looked upward—all was quiet. He looked over toward Husbay farm—and then he jumped into his boat and rowed away round the point.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Aslang sat before the fire. Her day's work was done. She was thinking Thor would not come that evening, and that, therefore, many others might come instead, so she unfurled the dog, and without saying anything walked farther on. She sat down so that she could see across the valley, but the mist was rising there and prevented her looking down. Then she chose another place, and without thinking more about it sat down so that she looked toward the hills where lay the ford. It seemed to bring peace to her soul when she could gaze far away across the water.

As she sat there the fancy struck her that she was inclining to sing, so she chose a song with "long drawn notes," and far and wide it sounded through the mountains. She liked to hear herself sing, so she began over again when the first verse was ended. But when she had sung the second it seemed to her as though some one answered from far down below. "Dear me, what can that be?" thought Aslang. She stepped forward to the edge and twined her arms round a slender birch which hung trembling over the precipice and looked down. But she could see nothing. The fog lay there calm and at rest. Not a single bird skimmed the water. So Aslang sat herself down again, and again she began to sing. Once more came the answering voice in the same tones and nearer than the first time. "That sound was no echo, whatever it may be," Aslang jumped to her feet and again leaped over the cliff. And there down below at the foot of the rocky wall she saw a boat fastened. It looked like a tiny nut-shell, for it was very far down. She looked again and saw a fur cap and under it the figure of a man climbing up the steep and barren cliff.

"What can it be?" Aslang asked herself, and letting go the birch she stepped back. She dared not answer her own question, but well she knew who it was. She flung herself down upon the greenward and seized the grass with both hands, as though it were also who dared not loose her hold for fear of falling. But the grass came up by the roots. She screamed aloud and dug her hands deeper and deeper into the soil. She prayed to God to help him, but then it struck her that this feat of Thor's would be called "tempting Providence," and therefore he could not expect help from above.

"Only just this once," she prayed. "Hear my prayer just this one time and help him." Then she threw her arms round the dog, as though it were Thor whom she was clasping, and rolled herself on the grass beside it.

The time seemed to her quite endless. Suddenly the dog began to bark. "Bow-wow!" said he to Aslang and jumped upon her. And again, "Bow-wow!" Then over the edge of the cliff a coarse, round cap came to view, and—Thor was in her arms!

He lay there a whole minute, and neither of them was capable of uttering a syllable. And when they did begin to talk there was neither sense nor reason in anything they said.

But when old Canute Husbay heard of it he uttered a remark which had both sense and reason, bringing his fist down on the table with a tremendous crash. "The lad deserved her," he cried. "The girl shall be his!"—Ejorastjerne Bjornson.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.
The Most Highly Prized of All the Surviving Orders of Chivalry.

Of all the orders of medieval chivalry which have survived the shock of successive revolutions on the continent of Europe since the great cataclysm of 1789, that of the Golden Fleece is perhaps the most distinguished and the most highly coveted by personages of royal birth or of illustrious patrician lineage. Students of the history of the art or science of heraldry will learn with interest and pleasure that the Order of the Tolosa d'Or of Spain having been conferred on the Duke of York, his royal highness was on Tuesday invested, at Marlborough House, with the insignia of the order by the Prince of Wales, himself a knight of the order, acting in the name of the queen regent and on behalf of the young king of Spain. The secretary of the Spanish embassy, as chancellor of the order, read the royal commission creating the duke a knight, and the august ceremony was also attended by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duc d'Annamale as knights of the order, and by the Spanish ambassador and the Earl of Kimberley, her majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs.

The Duke of York only received the badge of the order, in the shape of the figure of a sheep in embossed gold, suspended from a heavy chain of gold, but at a chapter of the order or at great court functions at Madrid he would be entitled to wear the full robes, consisting of a long mantle of crimson velvet, richly embroidered at the borders with emblematic devices of stars, half moons and fleeces in gold and lined with white satin, over a doublet and hose of crimson damask. The full robes also comprise a "chaperon," or hood, with a long flowing streamer of black satin, but this he deposes in modern times been generally dispensed with.

Originally the robes of the order, which was founded in 1439 by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, were of crimson cloth lined with white lamb's wool, and this circumstance has somewhat strengthened the theory that the golden fleece was instituted by Philip the Good in grateful recognition of the immense treasures which the Duke of Burgundy had acquired from the wool of the flocks reared on his vast estates in Flanders. Be it as it may, the woolen costume was changed in 1478 at a chapter held at Valenciennes for the more costly materials of velvet, taffeta, damask and gold embroidery.—London Telegraph.

It is said that the camel is a lover of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camel compound, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes, with a long snarl, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sign of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.—Bow Bells.

Italy produces 23.4 per cent of the wine of the world, Spain 33.8 per cent and France 21.9 per cent, the three nations producing 61.9 per cent of the aggregate output, amounting to 3,370,000,000 gallons.

Dwarfs live much longer than giants, the latter usually having weak constitutions and soft and brittle bones.

Where the Heat Goes

Up the chimney. You have to drive the stove all the time in order to get results. This is but one of the common stove troubles that have been overcome in Jewel Stoves and Ranges. They throw out all the heat generated. They make neither dirt or trouble and burn little fuel. As for looks—they are the handsomest stoves made. Sold by all dealers. Look for Trade Mark.

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Let wisdom put your dollars and cents on the right track, or in other words be careful to use your best judgment in selecting the best place at which to buy your

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Our stock of these goods is large and varied, and the prices are astonishingly low. The balance of our stock is in such variety and character that almost every article used in the family and household can be found at our store. We are waiting buyers and to scatter benefits broadcast. Put us to the test. We do the rest.

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Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

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TIME TABLE

THE NAPOLEON LINE

TRUCKS CARRYING PASSENGERS LEAVE

NAPOLEON, GOING WEST.

No. 43, Toledo & St. Louis, 6:30 a. m.
No. 41, " " Kansas City & St. Louis, 8:10 a. m.
No. 37, " " Des Moines & St. Louis, 9:30 a. m.
No. 45, " " St. Louis & Toledo, 1:30 p. m.
No. 41, " " St. Louis & Toledo, 2:30 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 42, St. Louis & Toledo, 6:30 a. m.
No. 44, Des Moines & Toledo, 7:30 a. m.
No. 46, Kansas City & Toledo, 8:10 a. m.
No. 44, St. Louis & Toledo, 8:30 a. m.
No. 46, St. Louis & Toledo, 1:30 p. m.
Daily except Sunday. Daily.
C. M. BRYANT, Agent

Baltimore & Ohio R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1894.

East-Bound.

STATIONS.	8	10	12	4	14
CENTRAL TIME.	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM
Ar. Chicago	8:00	8:30	8:40	12:37	
Ar. Des Moines	8:50	9:20	9:30		
Ar. Monroeville	9:00	9:30	9:40		
Ar. Sandusky	9:30	10:00	10:10		
Ar. Mansfield	10:00	10:30	10:40		
Ar. Mt. Vernon	10:30	11:00	11:10		
Ar. Newark	11:00	11:30	11:40		
Ar. Newark	11:30	12:00	12:10		
Ar. Newark	12:00	12:30	12:40		
Ar. Newark	12:30	1:00	1:10		
Ar. Newark	1:00	1:30	1:40		
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Ar. Newark	3:30	4:00	4:10		
Ar. Newark	4:00	4:30	4:40		
Ar. Newark	4:30	5:00	5:10		
Ar. Newark	5:00	5:30	5:40		
Ar. Newark	5:30	6:00	6:10		
Ar. Newark	6:00	6:30	6:40		
Ar. Newark	6:30	7:00	7:10		
Ar. Newark	7:00	7:30	7:40		
Ar. Newark	7:30	8:00	8:10		
Ar. Newark	8:00	8:30	8:40		
Ar. Newark	8:30	9:00	9:10		

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	7	9	11	13	15
CENTRAL TIME.	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM
Ar. Chicago	7:00	7:30	7:40	11:00	1:10
Ar. Chicago	7:30	8:00	8:10	11:30	1:40
Ar. Chicago	8:00	8:30	8:40	12:00	2:10
Ar. Chicago	8:30	9:00	9:10	12:30	2:40
Ar. Chicago	9:00	9:30	9:40	1:00	3:10
Ar. Chicago	9:30	10:00	10:10	1:30	3:40
Ar. Chicago	10:00	10:30	10:40	2:00	4:10
Ar. Chicago	10:30	11:00	11:10	2:30	4:40
Ar. Chicago	11:00	11:30	11:40	3:00	5:10
Ar. Chicago	11:30	12:00	12:10	3:30	5:40
Ar. Chicago	12:00	12:30	12:40	4:00	6:10
Ar. Chicago	12:30	1:00	1:10	4:30	6:40
Ar. Chicago	1:00	1:30	1:40	5:00	7:10
Ar. Chicago	1:30	2:00	2:10	5:30	7:40
Ar. Chicago	2:00	2:30	2:40	6:00	8:10
Ar. Chicago	2:30	3:00	3:10	6:30	8:40
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